University of Cambridge

Choral Award Auditions

Unaccompanied Traditional Song
(Folk Song)

- Please perform one of the songs below in your ‘live’ audition.
- All the verses included in the edition here should be sung.
- You may use the editions here if you wish, or another version/edition of any of these songs.
- You may choose the performing pitch.

David of the White Rock

Drink to me only with thine eyes

Early one morning

Linden Lea

O Waly, Waly

Scarborough Fair

The Ash Grove

The Lark in the Clear Air

The Last Rose of Summer

The Salley Gardens

The Trees they Grow so High
Dafydd y Garreg Wen  
(David of the White Rock)  
(may also be sung in Welsh)

'Bring me my harp', was David's sad sigh,

'Last night an angel called with heaven's breath:

'I would play one more tune before I die.

"David, play, and come through the gates of death!"

Help me dear wife, put the hands to the strings,

Farewell faithfull harp, farewell to your strings,

I wish my loved ones the blessing God brings.'

I wish my loved ones the blessing God brings.'
Drink to me only with thine eyes

I sent thee late a rosy wreath, not so much honouring mine;
or leave a kiss but in the cup, and thee as giving it a hope that there it

I'll not ask for wine, but the thirst that from the soul doth rise doth ask a drink divine;

but might I of Jove's nectar sup I since when it grows, and smells, I swear, not

would not change for thine.
of it self but thee.
Early one morning

Ear-ly one morn-ing just as the sun was ris-ing I heard a maid

sing in the val-ley be-low: 'O don't de-ceive me!

O ne-ver leave me! How could you use a poor mai-den

so? O gay is the gar-land and fresh are the ros-es I've
culled from the gar-den to bind on thy brow. O don't de-

ceive me! O do not leave me! How could you use a

poor mai-den so? Re-mem-ber the vows that you made to your

Ma-ry, re-mem-ber the bow’r where you vowed to be true.

O don't de-ceive me! O ne-ver leave me! How could you

use a poor mai-den so? Thus sung the poor mai-den, her
sorrow bewailing, thus sung the poor maid in the valley below:

'O don't deceive me! O do not leave me!

How could you use a poor maiden so?
Linden Lea

With-in the wood-lands, flow'r-y glad-ed, by the oak trees' moss-y moot; the shining
grass blades, tim-ber shad-ed, now do qui-ver un-der foot; and birds do
whis-tle o-ver-head, and wa-ter's bub-bling in its bed; and there for
me, the ap-ple tree do lean down low in Lin-den Lea. When leaves, that
late-ly were a-spring-ing, now do fade with-in the copse, and paint-ed
birds do hush their sing-ing up up-on the tim-ber tops; and brown leaved
fruit's a-turn-ing red, in cloud-less sun-shine o-ver-head, with fruit for
me, the ap-ple tree do lean down low in Lin-den Lea. Let o-ther
folk make mo-ney fas-ter in the air of dark-room'd towns; I don't
dread a peev-ish mas-ter, though no man may heed my frowns. I be
free to go abroad, or take again my home-ward road, to where, for me, the apple tree do lean down low in Linden Lea.
O Waly, Waly

The water is wide I cannot get o'er, and neither have I wings to fly. Give me a boat that will carry two, and both shall row, my love and I. O, down in the meadows the other day, gathering flowers both fine and gay, gathering flowers both red and blue, I little thought what love can do. O, love is handsome and love is fine, and love's a jewel while it is new, but when it is old, it grows cold, and fades away like morning dew.
Scarborough Fair

Are you going to Scarborough Fair? Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
Remember me to one who lives there, she once was a true love of mine. Tell her to make me a cambric shirt.

Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme, without no seams nor needle work. Then she'll be a true love of mine. Tell her to find me an acre of land. Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,

Between the salt water and the sea strand. Then she'll be a true love of mine. Tell her to reap it with a sickle of leather. Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,

And gather it all in a bunch of heather. Then she'll be a true love of mine.
The Ash Grove

Down yon - der green val - ley where stream - lets_ me - an - der, when
Still glows the bright sun - shine o'er val - ley_ and_ moun - tain, still
twilight_ is_ fa - ding I pen - sive - ly rove, or
war - bles_ the_ black - bird its note from the tree; still
at the bright noon - tide in so - li - tude_ wan - der, a -
trembles the_ moon - beam on stream - let_ and_ foun - tain, but
mid the_ dark_ shades of the lone - ly ash grove. 'Twas_
what are_ the_ beau - ties of na - ture to me? With_

there where the_ black - bird was cheer - ful - ly_ sing - ing, I
sor - row, deep_ sor - row, my bo - som_ is_ la - den, all
first met my_ dear one, the joy of my heart! A -
day I_ go_ mourn - ing in search of my love; ye

round us for_ glad - ness the blue - bells_ were_ ring - ing. Ah!
e - choes, oh, tell me, where is the_ sweet_ mai - den? 'She
then lit - tle_ thought I how soon we should part.
sleeps 'neath_ the_ green turf down by the ash grove.'
The Lark in the Clear Air

Dear thoughts are in my mind, and my soul soars enchant-ed as I
shall tell her all my love, all my soul's ad-o-ra-tion; and I

hear the sweet lark sing in the clear air of the day. For a
think she will hear and will not say me nay. It is
ten-der beam-ing smile to my hope has been grant-ed, and to-
this that gives my soul all its joy-ous e-la-tion, as I
mor-row she shall hear all my fond heart would say.
hear the sweet lark sing in the clear air of the day.
The Last Rose of Summer

'Tis the last rose of summer, left blooming a lone;
I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem;
So soon may I follow when friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle the faded and gone.

No flower of her sleep thou with them; thus kindly I gems drop away!
When true hearts lie

Kindred, no rose bud is nigh to rest scatter thy leaves o'er the bed where thy withered and fond ones are flown.
Oh! fleck back her blushes, or give sigh for sigh.

Mates of the garden lie scent less and dead.
Who would inhabit this bleak world a lone?
The Salley Gardens

Down by the sal-ley_ gar-dens my_ love and_ I did meet; she_
In a field_ by the_ ri-ver my_ love and_ I did stand, and_

passed the_ sal-ley_ gar-dens with_ lit-tle_ snow-white feet. She
on my_ lean-ing_ should-er she_ laid her_ snow-white hand. She

bid me_ take love ea-sy, as the leaves grow_ on_ the_ tree but_
bid me_ take life ea-sy, as the grass grows on_ the_ weirs; but_

I be-ing young and_ fool-ish with_ her would not a-gree.
I was_ young and_ fool-ish, and_ now am_ full of tears.
The trees they grow so high

The trees they grow so high and the leaves they do grow green,
and many a cold winter's night my love and I have seen. Of a

cold winter's night, my love, you and I alone have been, whilst my

bonny boy is young he's a-growing,
growing, growing, whilst my bonny boy is young he's a-
growing. O father dearest father, you've
done to me great wrong, you've tied me to a boy when you

know he is too young. O daughter, dearest daughter, if you

wait a little while, a lady you shall be while he's-
growing, growing, growing, a
lady you shall be while he's growing. I'll

send your love to college all for a year or two, and

then in the meantime he will do for you; I'll

buy him white ribbons, tie them round his bonny waist to

let the ladies know that he's married,

married, married, to let the ladies know that he's

married. I went up to the college and I

looked over the wall, saw four and twenty gentlemen playing at bat and ball. I called to my true love, but they

would not let him come, all because he was a young boy and

growing, growing, growing, all be-
cause he was a young boy and growing.